

Boy Killed, Others Hurt in Riot on Randall's Island Hundreds See Pugilist Leap From Brooklyn Bridge Ex-Gov. Voorhees, of New Jersey, Indicted for Perjury

Rain and warmer to-night; Friday clearing.

FINAL RESULTS EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT.

The

"Circulation Books Open to All."



World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT.



INDICTMENT FOR PERJURY AGAINST EX-GOV. VOORHEES

ONE BOY KILLED, THREE STABBED IN PITCHED BATTLE IN RANDALL'S ISLAND REFORMATORY

Grand Jury Finds a True Bill Against Him as President of the Bankers' Life Insurance Company.

The Special Grand Jury handed up two indictments to Justice Dowling this afternoon, one each against former Gov. Foster M. Voorhees, of New Jersey, and the other against Frank G. Combes, Mr. Voorhees is President and Mr. Combes, Secretary of the Bankers' Life Insurance Company, No. 31 Nassau street.

Both indictments charge perjury. They were found on evidence showing that Mr. Voorhees and Mr. Combes certified to false reports to the State Superintendent of Insurance concerning certain dividends, which should have been paid to policy-holders from 1902 to 1905.

The indicted men are residents of New Jersey. Neither had been arrested at a late hour this afternoon, but District-Attorney Jerome expects that they will give themselves up.

Voorhees's Brilliant Career.

Foster M. Voorhees has had a brilliant career as a politician and lawyer. He has served the State of New Jersey in many public offices, and at the bar and on the bench his achievements are numerous. Elected Governor of New Jersey on the Republican ticket in 1898, he was the youngest man ever sent to the gubernatorial chair.

Previously and starting his career as a legislator Mr. Voorhees had been sent to the Assembly and later to the higher branches in legislative halls, a flattering constituency always showing on election day in behalf of the brilliant young lawyer.

At the end of his service in the Assembly Mr. Voorhees decided to withdraw from politics and devote himself exclusively to the practice of law. Frequently he was urged to accept nomination for high office, but declined until 1902, when there came a call that appealed to him.

A great moral reform wave was breaking over the State. The importance of the selection of a strong man was appreciated, and the Republicans and Citizens' Anti-Gambling League turned to Voorhees. He accepted a nomination for Senator and was triumphantly elected against machine forces. His first year in the Senate was characterized by a series of political triumphs, and at the end of his term he had made a record declared to be one of the brightest in the annals of the Senate. He fathered a number of laws all calculated to lift his native State from the slough of depravity into which it had been dragged by iniquitous legislation.

Then came Voorhees's election as Governor. Since his retirement from public office Voorhees has devoted himself to the law and to public affairs. He has since served the State on many commissions, and his work was always described as reflecting the effort of a brilliant and energetic man.

The former Governor is a native Jerseyman. He was born on a farm in Clinton Township, Hunterdon County, in 1856. At the age of fifteen he was admitted to Rutgers college, and graduated four years later the second honor man of his class.

The special Grand Jury held a busy session before handing up the indictments against Voorhees and Combes. E. R. Thomas, who was accompanied to the Criminal Courts Building by his attorney, former Supreme Court Justice Davy, was one of the witnesses heard. It is understood that he was questioned about a banking transaction in which he was concerned with Charles W. Morse, in which Mr. Morse, under a strict interpretation of the law, might have laid himself open to indictment.

Under the guidance of District-Attorney Jerome the Grand Jury also delved into the Metropolitan Street Railway situation. Friends of the District-Attorney fear that if he does not get some action on this subject, the Governor will take it out of his hands as he has taken the Ice Trust investigation. Limburg a Witness.

Barth A. Limburg, a special de-

JUMPS FROM BIG BRIDGE IN THIRD ATTEMPT TO DIE

"Jack" Grant, Pugilist, First Cuts Wrist and Drinks Poison.

WILL LIVE, SAY DOCTORS

Not Badly Injured in His Plunge of 119 Feet From Brooklyn Span.

Life for "Jack" Grant is a stubborn thing that sticks to him. Last week he cut four gashes in his left wrist with a penknife. The penknife was so dull that he didn't bleed much.

Early to-day he swallowed carbolic acid. The acid was so diluted that it only made him sick.

Then he jumped off Brooklyn Bridge into the churning sea. The fall of 119 feet 3 inches didn't kill him. The sea floor parted so that he couldn't dash his brains out against them. The river refused to drown him. So he is at St. Gregory's Hospital, battered and scarred and weak, but out of danger. He is either a very lucky or a very unlucky man, depending on the point of view.

Hundreds of persons saw this down-and-outer take the long leap and hundreds of others saw him rescued. At the hospital he was recognized as John Grant, formerly a light-weight pugilist of some prominence, and more recently a newspaper pressman.

Goes Out on the Bridge.

About 10:30 o'clock a slender, pale man, without an overcoat and with a battered derby jammed over his ears, was seen by a number of persons to halt thirty feet beyond the Manhattan tower of the bridge, at a point where clear water shows below at the foot of the abutments.

He stood there, according to two of the eye-witnesses, for a minute or two, gazing down at the river. Then, as they followed him with their gaze, he stepped on to the wooden cross-path which leads from the pedestrian path in the middle of the bridge above the elevated tracks.

This runway is intended for the use of policemen and bridge employees only. Reaching the opposite side, the stranger made his way down a ladder that connects the wooden cross-path with the roadway along which the trolley cars run. He sat himself composedly on the bottom rung of the ladder, half hidden by the big iron strings and steel cables that make the bridge network, and waited for a Brooklyn-bound car to pass him.

Many Shouted a Warning.

Dozens of persons, divining his probable purpose, were hurrying toward him, shouting as they came. The passengers on the car crowded to the platform to watch the lone figure. Two young girls on the pedestrian path, which he had just quitted, fifteen feet above, began to scream hysterically.

All of a sudden the man stood up. He shuffled across the roadway on the lower side of the bridge, wriggled his way between two of the iron supports and poised himself on the outer edge.

Two policemen—Lawrence Nannery and Pat Keating—and a B. R. T. inspector named Brennan were already climbing down the ladder. He turned his head and glanced at them. He waved his arm at them in ironical farewell, and then, as the hands of Keating opened to clutch the tails of his coat, he shot out into space head foremost.

Goes Down Like a Diver.

He went straight down like a diver, with his arms outstretched and his hands pointed, arrow-wise, in front of him. He dove the air clean and clear. There was a big drifting fog, which he had seemingly aimed to hit. If he had hit it his brains would have been frozen.

(Continued on Second Page.)

HELD UP BY PISTOL AND MADE TO WATCH MAN KILL HIMSELF

Discharged Employee Paralyzes Clerk With Fear in Wholesale Shoe House and Suddenly Sends Bullet Into His Own Head.

Leo R. Brewer, a discharged employee of the wholesale shoe firm of A. J. Bates & Co., Nos. 176 and 178 Duane street, committed suicide in the Treasurer's office of the firm and before the eyes of G. A. Bunnell, the credit man this afternoon in a manner most sensational. It is believed that it was Brewer's intention to kill Mr. Bunnell before taking his own life.

Brewer came from Boston, where he had a wife and five children. In this city he had a room at No. 21 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Notice of discharge for incompetency was handed to him last Saturday.

He protested against the action of the firm and on Monday called and argued the matter with Mr. Bates. He was so pugnacious that Policeman Shields was called to put him out.

Seventy-five Were Near.

On Tuesday Brewer called Mr. Bates up on the telephone several times and subjected him to abuse. He appeared at the store again this afternoon, but was stopped at the door. A clerk was sent out to get a warrant for Brewer in the Centre Street Police Court.

A few minutes after the clerk departed Brewer, who had been hanging about the neighborhood, entered the front door of the big room occupied by the firm as a salesroom and office. The offices occupy one side of the room and are separated from each other by thin partitions.

The first office to the right of the entrance is occupied by Mr. Bates, who is the treasurer as well as the head of the firm. Brewer stepped into this office and slammed the door. There were seventy-five salesmen and customers in the salesroom, and a score of clerks scattered along through the offices, including half a dozen women stenographers.

Mr. Bunnell, who happened to be in the office alone, was standing as Brewer entered. Brewer ordered him to sit down, and Mr. Bunnell sank into a seat.

Held Shoe Man Spellbound.

Brewer had both hands in his overcoat pockets. He drew them out. In the right hand he held a revolver. The other hand was full of cartridges.

"Hold these," he commanded, passing the cartridges to Mr. Bunnell. "The credit man took hold of the cartridges. As he did so Brewer stepped back and fired a shot into the door.

Paralyzed with fear, Mr. Bunnell sat and watched the madman. He fully expected to be killed. Slowly Brewer raised the revolver. The muzzle passed above the level of Mr. Bunnell's head and body until Brewer suddenly shifted it against his own right temple and pulled the trigger. He dropped dead, with a bullet hole through his brain.

The sound of the shots brought the employees and customers to the door. They rushed in, expecting to find Mr. Bunnell dead. He was sitting in his chair frozen with horror, his hands grasping the arms so tightly that his knuckles were white. Nor did he get out of the chair until the Coroner arrived, nearly an hour after the shooting.

NOT HESPER CLUB MEMBERS.

Chairman Benjamin Kaufman, of the Board of Governors of the Hesper Club, said to-day that the police court report that two members of that organization were arrested yesterday as burglars was untrue. The prisoners never were members of the Hesper Club, Sir Kaufman declared. The pair arrested on the burglary charge are Abraham Miller and David Pacha. The alleged theft occurred at the home of Mrs. Tish, No. 21 West Fifty-seventh street.

TASKMASTER IS AWARDED PURSE HE DIDN'T WIN

Financier Finishes Ahead of Him by Two Lengths, Only to Be Disqualified.

IRRIGATOR GRADUATES.

The Bear Beats Out Toy Boy in the Third—Track in Good Shape.

(Special to The Evening World.)

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 12.—The appearance of Jack Atkin in a handicap at six furlongs, in which he was asked to carry 138 pounds was the most important feature of the racing at the Fair Grounds this afternoon. The "Express Train" lately proved himself in tip-top condition, and the test given him to-day was generally supposed to be something of a final one with regard to just what may be expected of him in future. He met a field of better than ordinary sprinters, and to each of them he made a liberal weight concession.

Hyperion H., Pasadena and Sir Toddington were the next in the matter of weight, and they had each only 113 pounds. Lens was the only starter, and as he was given only 102 pounds he was a head of the field.

FIRST RACE—Purse \$100. Maiden (two-year-olds), three furlongs—Irrigator, 108 (J. Leno), 4 to 1, 8 to 5 and 4 to 5, won by two lengths; Edwin L., 106 (C. Koenig), 8 to 1, 3 to 1 and 8 to 5, second; Trappe, 105 (V. Powers), 15 to 1, 6 to 1 and 3 to 1, third. Time—0:27.5. Eustacean, Swing, Excelsior, Prefix, Flaggy Miller, Seville, Puddin', Warden, Tyler and Mique Obrien also ran.

SECOND RACE—Purse \$400. Three-year-olds, selling, six furlongs—Taskmaster, 99 (C. Henry), 4 to 1, 8 to 5 and 4 to 5, won by two lengths; Edwin L., 106 (C. Koenig), 8 to 1, 3 to 1 and 8 to 5, second; Trappe, 105 (V. Powers), 15 to 1, 6 to 1 and 3 to 1, third. Time—0:42.5. Eustacean, Swing, Excelsior, Prefix, Flaggy Miller, Seville, Puddin', Warden, Tyler and Mique Obrien also ran.

THIRD RACE—Purse \$100. Three-year-olds, selling, six furlongs—The Bear, 101 (McDonald), 8 to 5, 3 to 2 and 2 to 1, won by a head; Toy Boy, 106 (Kotter), 6 to 5, 3 to 2 and 2 to 1, second; Sir Toddington, 105 (J. W. Murphy), 15 to 1, 3 to 1 and 2 to 1, third. Time—0:42.5. Eustacean, Swing, Excelsior, Prefix, Flaggy Miller, Seville, Puddin', Warden, Tyler and Mique Obrien also ran.

FOURTH RACE—Purse \$500. Handicap, three-year-olds, six furlongs—Jack Atkin, 138 (Leno), even, 7 to 5 and 4 to 5, won by two lengths; Lens, 106 (Kotter), 13 to 5, 3 to 2 and 2 to 1, second; Sir Toddington, 105 (J. W. Murphy), 15 to 1, 3 to 1 and 2 to 1, third. Time—0:42.5. Eustacean, Swing, Excelsior, Prefix, Flaggy Miller, Seville, Puddin', Warden, Tyler and Mique Obrien also ran.

HAD PICTURE TAKEN AND WAS ARRESTED

The palpating desire of Hattie Shields, a striking looking negroess, to have her picture taken with her gentleman friend, Marcellus Harper, led to her appearance in Centre Street Police Court to-day, a prisoner on a charge of grand larceny. Marcellus was there, too, on the same charge, and both were held for further examination.

Detective Lieut. Flynn told Magistrate Corrigan that Hattie was employed as a maid by Mrs. Charlotte Vaughn, of No. 120 West Forty-ninth street, and stole Mrs. Vaughn's \$250 opera cloak. She was also employed as a maid by Mrs. Esther Schenck, of No. 81 Sixth avenue, and stole Mrs. Schenck's \$700 collection of diamonds.

She effectually avoided pursuit, and might have been free yet but for her desire to have her picture taken. In pursuance of the plan she and Marcellus

Myer Roschinsky, Slashed by His Chum, Saturday, in Fight of Rival Factions of Incurables, Dies of Wounds.

GUARDS OVERPOWERED WHILE STRUGGLE RAGES.

Leaders Had Planned the Melee and Stolen Knives With Which to Settle Differences—Facts Suppressed Revealed by Victim's Death.

For ten minutes twenty infuriated boy incorrigibles fought back and forth in a dormitory of the Randall's Island House of Refuge on Saturday night, while scores of their comrades held back the wardens who strove to separate the struggling lads. When peace was finally restored one lad lay dying on the floor with a knife wound over his heart—stabbed accidentally by his own chum—and three others groaned near him, cut and slashed with knives that had been stolen for the very use to which the youthful prisoners put them.

Although the fatal battle occurred Saturday, the New York authorities knew nothing of it until after the death this afternoon of the victim who had been mortally hurt.

Moreover, it develops that the inmates of the reformatory planned their pitched battle hours, or possibly days, in advance, and carried out the fatal programme with blood thirsty exactness.

The dead boy is Myer Roschinsky, fifteen years old. He was one of the ringleaders in the fight.

Locked up in the room of one of the wards is a fourteen-year-old boy, Raphael Sfonza, who is alleged to have stabbed Roschinsky to death. The same Sfonza is also accused of having gashed at least two of the three injured boys. He will be brought to the city this evening and locked up in the Tombs on the charge of homicide.

Through information which Coroner Averitt was able to gather late this afternoon it is learned that the fight broke out after the evening meal on last Saturday. From the supper tables 20 boy inmates had gone to the playroom on the second floor of the big reformatory. To keep them in order half a dozen guards were scattered about.

The young prisoners were skylarking about when suddenly a melee started at the far end of the long room.

Between fifteen and twenty boys were knotted together in a vicious struggle. Scores of others were packed about them in a dense ring urging on the combatants.

Held Back the Guards.

Constantly on the watch for such outbreaks, the guards sprang forward, bowing their whistles for reinforcement. Those of the two factions who were not actively engaged turned on the officials and resisted them violently, meanwhile yelling over their shoulders to the other rioters to go ahead and settle their feud.

Back and forth in the big dormitory the fight raged, to the accompaniment of curses and screams and the crash of breaking furniture and tramping feet.

Through the shifting screen of moving limbs and twisting bodies the wardens could see the flash of steel and catch the sight of spattering blood. By hard work the officers broke through the circle and dragged the fighting boys apart. All of them were scarred and marked by teeth and fists and feet. Four lads were lying unconscious.

Planned the Battle.

Although the police knew nothing of the parents of the Roschinsky boy had been notified early to-day of the precarious condition of their son. They reached the hospital before his death and were with him at the end. The Schenckys live at No. 182 Madison avenue.

Young Roschinsky was sent to Randall's Island in March, 1905. He had been notified early to-day of the precarious condition of their son. They reached the hospital before his death and were with him at the end. The Schenckys live at No. 182 Madison avenue. Young Roschinsky was sent to Randall's Island in March, 1905. He had been notified early to-day of the precarious condition of their son. They reached the hospital before his death and were with him at the end. The Schenckys live at No. 182 Madison avenue. Young Roschinsky was sent to Randall's Island in March, 1905. He had been notified early to-day of the precarious condition of their son. They reached the hospital before his death and were with him at the end. The Schenckys live at No. 182 Madison avenue.